

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1892.

NUMBER 32.

The Greatest Effort — OF — OUR LIVES! — IN THE — History of Lexington! — + + + + + — Louis & Gus Straus' DISPLAY OF SPRING CLOTHING

Every Department Overflowing to its utmost capacity. This is not a catch penny sale of any kind, but good honest values and qualities at fair prices. During the coming week we will display full lines of Men's and Boys' Clothing—representing the leading and best manufacturers in the United States and Europe. We will forfeit our reputation of thirty years' standing in Lexington. We have never failed to keep our promises heretofore:

That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$5.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$10.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$15.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$20.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$25.

OUR : MERCHANT : TAILORING : DEPARTMENT
Is the finest in the United States. Our Cutters and Workmen are first-class artists. We are doing the largest business we have ever done. Come and make your selections early.

L. & G. STRAUS.

LEADING CLOTHIERS AND FINE TAILORS.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.



JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

MR. J. I. CASE, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See Rattle, W. Va., says: "After trying every known remedy, I removed a large bluish of two years standing, from a 2 year old filly, with three applications of

QUINN'S OINTMENT.

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen."

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send in 25 cents for trial box.

W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

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GRAND OPENING

— AT THE —

English Kitchen,

No. 12, W. Short Street, : Lexington, Ky.

Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oys. lbs. Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.

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— DEALERS IN —

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Carry a complete line of Dry Goods, Notions, Ladies' Dress Goods, Gents' Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Patent Medicines, Saddles, Harness, &c., and sell FOR CASH at prices lower than ever before seen in Hazel Green. All goods guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

JOB PRINTING
NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE. Send your order

PRIZE CAMPAIGN SONG.

The following is the campaign song which won the \$500 prize offered by the New York World. The author is a Republican office holder at Washington, and refuses to allow his name to be published, for fear of getting the grand bounce. He prefers to lose the reward and retain his position. We commend the song to the Hazel Green Glee club, and hope soon to hear them sing it:

(Air: Benny Havens, O.)

To every teeming city, to town and village send,
To every shop and mine and farm the thrilling message sent:

"We've got our old commander back, he'll lead us once again!
Be up and ready for the fray, and quit you there like men!"

And quit you there like men, and quit you there like men!
Be up and ready for the fray, and quit you there like men.

He stands for all that's dearest for which our father's fought;
The people's right to rule the land, for votes that can't be bought;

He stands for lower taxes, for gold and silver, too,
For equal rights and laws for all—for every thing that's true!

For everything that's true, for everything that's true,
For equal rights and laws for all, for everything that's true.

He's for the civil service, and not for sham pretense;
He's for the common people, and he's full of common sense!

He's brave and level-headed, and it's his unchanging plan,
Whatever he may think is right, to say it like a man;

To say it like a man, to say it like a man,
Whatever he may think is right, to say it like a man.

Our party knows no sections—North, South, or East or West;
The bloody shirts and bayonet we heartily detest;

We're dead against the Force bill, but for the church and school,
And everywhere and all the time we advocate home rule;

We advocate home rule, we advocate home rule,
And everywhere and all the time we advocate home rule.

We do not wish to regulate our neighbor's hours or drinks,
Nor do we want to interfere with what our folks think;

The Constitution and the laws decide our every doubt,
And we're always good and ready to turn the rascals out;

To turn the rascals out, to turn the rascals out,
And we're always good and ready to turn the rascals out.

Then raise for Grover Cleveland a mighty cheering cheer!
We'll have him in the White House safe before another year.

No Pinkerton detective then to run our shops and mills;
No billion-dollar Congresses with him to veto bills;

With him to veto bills, with him to veto bills,
No billion-dollar Congresses with him to veto bills.

Then, up, O ye men, Democrats! Charge home their wave-rings ranks!
They break, they fly, the day is ours, they're routed front and flanks;

Monopoly is on the run, protection don't protect,
But think of seventy-six and swear election shall elect;

Election shall elect, election shall elect,
But think of seventy-six and swear election shall elect.

And when our sturdy captain comes to his own again
He'll need a very different chair from that of little Ben;

We'll hunt him up the very one in which Old Hickory sat,
And he'll fill it like a statesman, for he is a Democrat;

For he is a Democrat, for he is a Democrat,
And I'll fill it like a statesman, for he is a Democrat.

Very Encouraging Reports.

Reports from all over the district are very encouraging, and point unmistakably to the election of Judge Lisle by a largely increased Democratic majority.

He is making a telling campaign, and is leaving no stone unturned that will add to the strength of the entire ticket when "we vote in November." Reports are also very encouraging from the candidacies of Judge Hargrave, and there is now scarcely a doubt as to election. In fact, this seems to be a Democratic year all along the line from President down to constable.—Clay City Chronicle.

NEWS NOTES.

Dr. Thomas Nell Cream, the wholesale poisoner, was found guilty in London and will hang.

Henry I. Frommeyer, a despondent Cincinnati tailor, took sixty grains of morphine and died.

J. Steinburg, of Piqua, O., was robbed of \$50 and \$500 worth of diamonds, in Hurst's hotel, St. Louis.

Professor Johnson was squeezed by the box in Huber's museum New York, and will probably die.

Dennis F. Hanks died at Paris, Ills., Friday, aged ninety-three. He was the early tutor of Abraham Lincoln.

Roseburg, S. C., has a curiosity in the shape of a three-week-old baby whose hand bears the imprint of a human face.

Near Wapakoneta, O., Albert Wine-miller, while running a traction engine, had his right hand crushed off in the cog-wheels.

It is now stated that Blaine will not make any more speeches in the campaign. He refuses to say whether he will or will not.

Iowa, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Kansas, Ohio, and New York, dedicated their buildings at the world's fair grounds, Chicago, Saturday.

Six hundred troops will be sent from Dakar to reinforce the French column under Colonel Dods, which is now operating against the Dahomeans.

Victor A. Schifferstein, the California athlete, who ran 100 yards in 9.45 seconds about four years ago, has abandoned athletics and is a religious crank.

At Louisville Mrs. Dora Meunilist was shot and killed by a gun trap set by her son Edward to shoot a chicken thief. She knew of its presence but had evidently forgotten it.

The body of Miss Belle Marchbank was found in the harbor at Boston. She left a note giving her name and address. She had been despondent since an attack of fever over a year ago.

In Cincinnati, on the Broadway hill, the brake on a Newport car failed to work and the car crashed into a Dayton car. Both were crowded and six people were injured but none seriously.

At Masillon, O., during the Columbian celebration an exploding cannon shattered the walls of a fire one home and the residence of Robert L. Glemann, and lacerated the arm of John Kosler.

Katie Harbin, a fourteen-year-old girl, is conducting a phenomenal revival at Cementville, Ind. The young lady is from Louisville, and claims to have been cured of blindness by Mrs. Woodworth, the evangelist.

At Mount Sterling, O., George Turney, a boy, after living several days died from the effects of two shots inflicted by Frank Jeffries, his stepfather. It was the result of young Turney attempting to defend his mother, Mrs. Jeffries.

At Brazil, Ind., W. B. Schwartz and Albert Payne, attorneys, quarreled about business matters and then came to blows, Payne striking first. Schwartz drew a dagger and seriously, if not fatally, cut Payne about the face and head.

C. L. Bainbridge, agent for the Singer Sewing Machine company at Hot Springs, was convicted in the circuit court of contempt and his punishment is fixed at one year in the penitentiary. He has heretofore stood well, but the seductive game of draw poker is the cause of his downfall.

William Weaver, a young man of Clarksville, Tenn., died Friday, it is said from fever. The house he lived in caught fire several days ago, and he has had a dread that he would be burned up ever since. Sitting up nights watching to prevent fire, his anxiety caused him to go into brain fever.

Senator Stanford stated to a reporter that he had reconsidered his determination to resign from the senate on account of ill health, if the next state legislature was Republican. He says his health is much improved, and he wants to remain in the senate to push his land loan bill.

Lon Sampter, of Hot Springs, Ark., who, it was claimed, had married a courtesan in St. Louis, disclaims any acquaintance with the woman mentioned. The story of the wedding, he says, is made out of whole cloth. He thinks the whole thing is prompted and instigated by personal enemies of an effort at blackmail.

"JACK" WILSON,

Formerly of This Office, Tells the Tyson Remedy, and is Cured of the Liquor Habit.

WILIAMSTOWN, KY., Oct. 15, 1892.
To the President, Vice-President and Board of Directors of Tyson's Sanitarium, Williamstown, Ky.:

GENTLEMEN:—Notwithstanding the feelings of humility and utter shame that came to me when I sit down and calmly review my past life of dissipation, as well as a sense of my inadequacy to express fully the experiences I underwent when the chains of alcoholism were all around me, I cannot refrain from publicly heretofore to the world that at last I am free from the bonds, having severed the fetters that rendered me almost a helpless wreck, and the insatiable desire I once possessed for alcoholic stimulants a thing of the past. Through the earnest solicitation of numerous friends who were untrusting in their persuasions, I consented to try your treatment, as it seemed cowardly as well as ungrateful to refuse. Accordingly, on Sept. 13, I commenced the treatment.

When I entered your Sanitarium, I must confess I did so with some apprehensions, though from what standpoint I scarcely know myself, for I was and am fully acquainted with the high standing of all the gentlemen who are interested in the institution. At the time I commenced your treatment, as you are all aware, my whole nervous system was so shattered that I could, only with difficulty, follow my vocation—that of a printer.

I suffered almost nightly from palpitation of the heart, and my sleep (if sleep it could be called) was attended with some of the most beautiful, but often with the most ludicrous, scenes and sounds possible for the imagination of man to conjecture. The "circus programme" as I had learned to refer to these strange things (only within myself) varied according to the amount of whisky and beer I had consumed before retiring, which was just as likely to be on some one's door step as at my boarding place.

Sleep did not refresh me. My appetite was irregular and often artificial—in fact, I felt and was a wreck upon the borders of an unknown sea, apparently without oar or rudder. But, thanks to Providence and my kind friends, I found a life boat when I entered the Tyson Sanitarium, and I can now smoothly sail by the terrible abyss, into which, at one time, I seemed doomed to fall. Only those who have been rescued from the perils of a dissipated life can enter fully into my feelings of joy and gratitude, for I had almost given up to despondency, with no hope but the present moment in which I lived, or so-called, except in the wine cup.

I took your Tyson cure faithfully every hour, while awake, for twenty-one days, and from about the fourth day I began to lose my desire for whisky, and to-day I feel that I am thoroughly and permanently cured of the habit that so long led me to my victim. Now, gentlemen, I wish to thank you through the columns of the press, individually and collectively, for bringing within my reach a cure for that which seemed destined to prove my utter ruin, assuring you that I shall ever hold in sacred remembrance a tender and grateful feeling for you all who were so kind and considerate while treating me for the worst misfortune that ever befallen man. I would not omit to say that I will cheerfully communicate either in person or by letter with any one who may desire to know more of the wonderful curative properties of Tyson's remedy, which at all times can be had at the Williamstown and Paducah, Ky. Sanitariums, and would earnestly request those who are afflicted to not put it off until too late, but try the remedy at once, and I give you my assurance I believe it will prove in your case, as in mine, a complete and lasting cure.

Yours truly,

J. M. WILSON, JR.

In the Thick of the Battle.

The campaign in the Tenth district is waxing warm, and we find our standard-bearer for Congress in the thick of the battle. Reports from him are of the most encouraging nature, and to make his election assured it is only necessary that his own county give him that hearty and unanimous support to which he is justly entitled, and which he has a perfect right to expect.—Winchester Sun.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester" a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL, GREEN, : : : KY.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Some of the Names That Would Go Into a List of One Hundred.

It has been suggested to offer a prize for the best list of the one hundred most successful men in the United States. In this country everybody is interested in the men who have succeeded. The fact that many fail only makes the interest in those who do not fail the greater. In preparing such an estimate latitude must be allowed for the different ideas of people in regard to what constitutes success. The mere accumulation of money, of course, is not the determining factor. The one hundred richest men in the United States are by no means the one hundred most successful men in the United States. On the other hand, there is hardly any kind of success that does not need the acquisition of a considerable sum of money. Thus, if we inquire who is the most successful of the religious leaders of the country I fancy that more votes would be given to Rev. J. T. Talmage of Brooklyn, than to Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston, who is by far the greatest pulpit orator in the country. Talmage is not only a distinguished preacher, but he has, as preacher and lecturer, accumulated a substantial fortune, believed to be not less than a quarter of a million of dollars.

The most successful men are the men who have accomplished most, considering the advantages with which they started. Thus, while many men will be named in the list of the successful one hundred, there will be hardly one rich man's son among them. Cornelius Vanderbilt is one of the richest men in the world, but he is not one of the most successful. His name surely can not be placed in the one hundred list, while that of his attorney, General, and Chancellor, M. Depew, must surely be put there.

In Boston we should not put in the rich young Montgomery Sears, but should probably put in the name of the list, Frank Jones, the great president of the Boston & Maine Railroad Co., who ran away from home when a boy and did chores for a living, and has risen to the rank of a ten millionnaire from that start in life. Roswell P. Flower, who began life up in Jefferson county, N. Y., with not much better advantages and who is nearly as rich as Frank Jones, would have to be put in the one hundred list.

In Rhode Island, Fletcher, the worst manufacturer, who came over here as an English laborer and is now the owner of many mills and many millions, would probably stand at the head of the list of successful men of that state.

In the district of Columbia Alexander Graham Bell must take first place as a man of large accomplishments outside of politics. The great inventors of the country, Edison, Bell, Thomson, Maxim and others, who have all realized fortunes from their brains, would be once voted a place among those who belong to "the one hundred." One of the curious results of making up such a list would be that we should find comparatively few public men in the list. Nearly every man who gets to congress is a man who has in some conspicuous way shown his superiority to the average citizen of his district, but when it comes to the "doers" we do not look for many of them within the walls of the capitol.

One of the men whose right to be in the list of one hundred people might differ about is Henry Villard. But Mr. Villard retains the presidency of the great consolidated electric company in spite of the statements of the New York financial writers that he would not remain there. His position seems to be a strong one. He told a friend the other day that he now had all the money that he wanted. He has got at least ten million dollars and this time he proposes to hold on to it.

A Double Duel.
"One of the bloodiest duels ever fought on American soil occurred near the western boundary of Kansas," said Capt. Joseph Hennessey at the Lindell. "It was in the spring of 1891. A wagon train had started from St. Joe for the California gold fields. In the train was a wild, lawless fellow named Dunkirk and a man named Sentry and his eighteen-year-old son. An altercation occurred between Sentry and Dunkirk, and the two agreed to drop behind the train and settle it at thirty paces. The former was accompanied by his son and the latter by a friend. At the first fire Sentry fell dead. The son immediately challenged the slayer. Dunkirk suggested that thirty paces was too far and that Sentry asked him how five would do. Then Kirk accepted and they were both killed instantly. The quarrel which led to this sanguinary meeting arose over a plug of tobacco. Sentry had been accused Dunkirk of stealing. The three duelists were from southern Illinois."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not Quite so Bad.
Old Gentleman—What do you mean, Sir, by striking that little boy with a baseball?
Little Boy—Twain's a baseball, 'twas only a stone.—Good News

HARRISON'S LETTER.

The President's During Adaptation of Protection Paradoxes.

President Harrison's letter of acceptance is simply a stump speech in the form of an epistle. It is less a document to elucidate his views or to explain his party's purposes than an attempt to gain votes by accommodating those views and purposes to a hostile public opinion.

Four years ago Mr. Harrison had only contempt for "cheapness." Now he argues that the law passed to increase prices has really lowered them. The paradoxes of protection never had a more daring adapter than the president. According to him the same law has increased prices to the farmer and made food cheaper to the consumer; has lowered the cost of manufactures by taxing their raw materials; has enabled the producer to pay higher wages by reducing the price of his product.

In one respect only has Mr. Harrison the entire bravery of his hour: he defends the billion dollar congress from its initial usurpation to its closing outrage. That the people condemned this congress, and incidentally his administration by a majority of more than 1,300,000, is calmly ignored by the president. He says that "a vote of want of confidence is asked by our adversaries," as if that vote had not been given in 1890 and repeated in 1891. The election this year is simply a demand for judgment upon a verdict once rendered and confirmed.

President Harrison's tardy recognition

gests another and far better method of settlement.

But, as we have said before, Mr. Harrison cannot wipe out the republican record; he cannot hide facts with paravar. N. Y. World.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

Harrison bestowed more praise upon Blaine's reciprocity than upon McKinley's commercial prohibition. Even the republican president admits the claim of free trade to popular indorsement so far as it has gone.—Detroit Free Press.

All republican figuring on the probable results of the election are around the proposition that the party must get along without Indiana. It is passing strange, in this view, that the party was unable, at Minneapolis, to figure out how it could get along without Harrison.—St. Louis Republic.

The republicans are hilarious over the conviction in New Jersey of certain democrats for ballot frauds. The incident shows the difference between the two parties. The democrats put their rascals behind the bars, while the republicans promote theirs to the bench.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It almost appears unpatriotic to refer to the utterances of a president of the United States as claptrap yet nothing else will strictly and truthfully describe the remarks of Mr. Harrison on his plate. He again waves the British flag and points to the possible destruction of the Welsh tin industry as an occurrence over which every Ameri-



tion of Mr. Blaine's action in forcing the partial amelioration of reciprocity upon a bill that had no original saving clause will hardly alone for his previous action in claiming all the credit of it. Good as far as it goes, this so-called reciprocity is "a sham," as the democratic platform declares it to be. It outstages foreigners only. It applies to our poorest instead of to our best customers. And it favors other countries at the expense of our own.

The president's contention as to the state of tariffs on wages is thoroughly disingenuous, not to say dishonest. He knows that the duty under the McKinley law in many schedules is more than the entire cost in the articles protected, and yet he repeats the deceptive clap-trap about the necessity of covering "the difference in wages" between this country and Europe. He claims that "protective duties strongly tend to hold up wages and are the only barrier against a reduction to the European scale," when he knows that the wages in free-trade England are from 30 to 100 per cent. higher than in any protectionist country in Europe, and that the variation in wages in the same industries in the different states in our union, under the same tariff, are as great as the difference between the average wages here and in England.

It is characteristic of this nefarious system of false pretenses that it should convert the letter of acceptance of a president into the dishonest screed of a special pleader.

The passage upon the force bill will be variously interpreted, but fairly read it seems to be an abandonment of the extreme policy embodied in that legislation. In two years, and that the president tried to press a force bill through congress. He now talks soothingly of a non-partisan commission to revise some scheme for counting the votes of the republicans. If it affects to see, however, in the "new political movements" in the south and "the recent decisions of some of the state courts," a hope that the arbitrary and partisan election laws and practices which have prevailed may be corrected by the states, the laws made equal and non-partisan and the election free and honest. Such a position, he says, would be received with rejoicing by his party—the party of Wauwau's pharisaism, Quay's corruption and Dudley's bribery—inasmuch as "a healthy and patriotic local sentiment is the best assurance of free and honest elections."

This is the democratic doctrine; and while the smooch sayings of a candidate cannot be accepted as binding upon his party, it is evident that President Harrison, like Mr. Reid and the other leaders of his party, is anxious to drop the force bill issue. At least he refrains from defending it, and definitely sug-

can should rejoice; he predicts that American tin-plate mills will soon supply the American demand, and avoids all reference to the fact that all the mills in operation or to be put in operation will be manned by the tinmakers of Wales, who come over duty free.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

During the fifteen years of the low tariff era, from 1869 to 1904, there were but seventy-four strikes reported in an official way. During the fifteen years from 1878 to 1892 there have been over 6,000 strikes, involving a very large proportion of the entire body of workmen in the United States.

It is significant that democratic gains are reported at Lewiston, one of the most important manufacturing centers in Maine. The workmen of that city have not apparently heeded the hysterical shouts of republican protectors against the policy of establishing a free market for their surplus products.—Chicago Times.

We have to sell our wheat in free competition with all the rest of the world. The price in Liverpool fixes the price for us and no governmental bonuses add to our incomes. When we come to buy we have to pay for all of our commodities the fictitious and inflated prices which the protected establishments of the manufacturing zone exact of us. We sell in the cheapest market. We buy in the dearest. What we produce stands on its own intrinsic merit, and on this alone. For what we need for consumption we have to give a double price; first, what it is really worth, and second, what the tariff laws empower the moneyed lobbies of the east to compel in addition.

One Thriving McKinley Industry.
There is one industry which has sprung up and flourished like the traditional green bay-tree under the "fosterling care" of the McKinley bill for which no high protection friends do not profess much regard. That industry is the manufacture of shoddy. So far as we can learn at present, there have been no strikes, shut-downs or decreases in wages in the industry. Every shoddy mill in New England is running full time, with an abundance of orders. Those mills that were abandoned under the low wool tariff era have reopened, and are turning out shoddy clothing at a surprising rate. This prosperity in the shoddy industry not only is becoming infernal and its price higher. Shoddy clothing, however, is everywhere, and shoddy manufacturers are everywhere. It is a duty which was imposed ostensibly to benefit the wool-grower of the country.—Albany Argus.

BLACK TOM'S LOYALTY.

Why a Prosperous Colored Man Made a Journey to Mississippi.

An article by Frederick Douglass, in a recent number of the North American Review, has called to my mind an occurrence of more than ordinary interest to those who are anxious to know the part of a negro who is faithful, if only for the sake of "Aunt Langsyne." Some four or five months ago I sat in the office of ex-Governor Lowry, in Jackson, Miss., and my conversation with that gentleman was interrupted by the appearance of a well-dressed, mild-mannered man of decidedly ebony hue.

He seemed to have no difficulty in selecting the genial ex-governor from the several gentlemen who were in the room, and walked to him with hand outstretched and delight so thoroughly pictured on his countenance that it was easy to see some bond bound them together, and it wasn't of recent forging, either. After stating his name, and recalling some instances that both seemed to be distinctly remembered, "was the natural topic to be discussed by the entire party. I have forgotten the name of the negro, who is now, and has been since 1865, a prosperous citizen of Dixon, Ill. I listened to the story he related with considerable interest, as he told in a simple, pleasant way his experience as the body servant of his "young master" from the day the first drum-beat was sounded in the south in 1861 up to the hour he braved the life of a free man and reverently laid it away in the old orchard on the family farm. The governor called him Tom, I think, and Tom had come from his western home to return to his "old missus" the gold watch of her son, which had been in his possession from the day that "young master" fell in the fight at Franklin.

Tom said he "got in" with some Yankee soldiers, and "went along," and beyond this he was either unwilling or unable to give any reason. "But," said he, "general, do you know where my folks live now? You know I ain't seen 'em since the war and I want to take Missus Mary Alfred's watch." Having been assured of where he would find the remnant of the family he left nearly thirty years ago, he grew communicative and told of the only time he had ever left that precious watch out of his possession. He said he was a porter on a sleeping car and hadn't a dollar to make his trip and pay him the watch for five dollars. The agony he suffered because of his action he feelingly described, and said he: "I promised myself if God would let me get back and take that watch home I should have it till I gave it into old Missus' hands." To perform that obligation he made the visit south, "Tom" went to see his old owner, and carried a mortgage of eight hundred dollars on the farm. He put it off and then bought from his former owner two hundred acres of land for his old father, who is still alive and living quiet, and contented near the Gulf where he lives now. He has no relatives to live in.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

TRICKS WITH TICKETS.

People Who Try to Beat Their Way on the Elevated.

"Tickets, tickets! How can you can't pass on without putting a ticket in the box," and a ticket chopper at an up-town elevated railroad station laid his hand on a gentleman just in front of me as I approached the box myself, ticket in hand.

I was greatly surprised at this action, for I had distinctly seen the passenger who had been stopped pause at the ticket box and had noted the ticket as it left his hand.

When the ticket-chopper stopped him the gentleman turned around and expostulated, saying: "I dropped my ticket in the box."

"So you didn't, nuther," said the ticket-chopper. "You made a bluff, but it didn't go." The passenger fumbled in his pocket a moment and then he turned around and dropped it in the box, remarking: "That's the second one, but perhaps the other dropped on the outside of the box and blew away." Then he ran for his train.

I stopped to speak to the guard, and told him I had seen the man drop his ticket in the box.

"You think you did, but you didn't," remarked the guard, in a snarl. "Then fellows have a common band passed around their hand which holds the ticket against their hand. Then they take the ticket before they get to the ticket-chopper, and make a show of holding it over the box, but when they let go of it, instead of it dropping where it ought to go, it snaps back again into the palm of the hand. Most of 'em's so shifty they get away that they'll fool you every time if there is any crowd. This fellow just now, though, was a dufer."—N. Y. Herald.

A Novel Means of Identification.

A Detroit firm has lately adopted a plan for identifying its salesmen at banks while they are traveling throughout the country which has proved very satisfactory. When they send a draft to a salesman they indorse it on the back as follows: "Pay to the order of John Smith, and William Ellery movement No. 1,234,567." The number and number of the salesman's watch movement, and it affords an additional source of identification which has never yet met with failure, and which, we should think, could be adopted by travelers to good advantage.—The Business Man.

FACE AND FIGURE
show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a matter with your features, skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's **Pink Pills**. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of manhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good."

DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP

Root
Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.
Rheumatism.

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, albumen or catarrh of bladder.
Disordered Liver.
Impaired digestion, cold, biliousness, headache, **BILIA**—**DR. KILMER'S** cures kidney difficulties, **Liver**, urinary troubles, **Gravel**, **Bladder**, **Disorder**.

Impure Blood.
Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility.
Guarantee—We refund every cent of the cost of the medicine if it does not cure you.
At Druggists, 40c. Size, \$1.00 Size.
"Invaluable" guide to Health—Free—Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BOSTON, N. Y.

CURES RISING
BREAST

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest relief for nursing women. It cures all ailments of the breasts, and in each case it cures the mother and the child. It is the most perfect and reliable remedy for the breast known, and worth the price for that alone.
Mrs. M. B. BROWN, Newbury, Mass.

I can tell all expectant mothers if they will use a few bottles of Mother's Friend that will go through the system without a pain and suffering.
Mrs. M. B. BROWN, Newbury, Mass.

Send by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle.
BRADFIELD'S REGULATORY CO.,
Sold by all druggists. **ATLANTA, GA.**

LONG LIFE.

The average duration of lives in the United States is: 41.8 years for storekeepers; 43.6 years for teamsters; 44.6 years for seamen; 47.3 years for mechanics; 48.4 years for merchants; 52.0 years for lawyers, and 64.2 years for farmers. This is inductive. It shows that other things being equal, the men who live longest are those who live on the simplest fare and who take plenty of exercise. Farmers would live still longer if they did not get the rheumatism or pneumonia. Both these maladies come from colds that fasten on the kidneys and thus prevent them from separating the uric acid from the blood. Reid's German South and Kidney Cure will arouse the kidneys (to action) and thus wash these diseases. It is a sovereign remedy for every form of malady that comes from a cold. Get of any dealer but do not allow your druggist to give you some thing in place of it that he says "is just as good." For nothing will take the place of this great remedy. Small bottles 25c.; large bottles 50c.
SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

CAMPAGNE

C. W. SIMMONS & CO.
OAK HALL, BOSTON.
Are headquarters in U. S. for **BUNTING FLAGS.**

Illustrated, 44 stars, 50c. 55c. Send for Flag Catalogue and Campaign Catalogue of uniforms, flags, sashes, badges, caps, hats, ribbons. The trade supplied.

FLAGS FOR SCHOOLS A SPECIALTY.

WE HAVE THE PATENT MADE BY US

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARH
OF THE
URINARY TRACT.

Price 50 Cents

Apply Balm (internally and externally) to the affected part. It will cure the disease in 10 to 15 days. It is the only remedy that cures the disease in 10 to 15 days.

**Their Mechanism the Grandest in
the World.**

The text selected for Sunday is from Prov. xxx. 18: "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces." Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British scientific association, at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill health, had in the fields and forests given himself up to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders it is beneath the dignity of man to study them.

[illegible]

It is not very certain what the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the machinery of the chamberlain. The chamberlain comes into the palace, and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: "Away with the intruder, and the servant of Solomon's palace comes forth with his broom and sweeps him away," saying: "What a loss to the thing it is!" But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries of the palace wall and the machinery of the chamberlain. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches his prey, or as any of its eight eyes. The power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, could look out the mountain of Sion, and cut its sword-arm from under the mantle of darkness, until it can strike with its scimiter of lightning. I love better to study the form and the shape of a fly's wing, and the flight of a swallow, than the whiteness of a pond lily. I love to trace his footsteps in the mountain snow, and to hear his voice in the hum of the reeds, and discover the rustle of the wings in the flight in the air. Oh, this world! Divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a lute's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly: "Let there light be," and in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights, and depths, and length, and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop and dismounts from the chariot of the sun, and sits on the edge of the sun on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and behold the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the spider, and the microscope, and the web, and I will look into the eye, and while I gaze, and look, and study, and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inactivity. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a palace, and so I will not work my spinning-lenny." Not so, said

the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had some great audience to talk to if you only had a great army to march, if you only had a constitution to write, if you only had some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—the you would shov us. Yes, you would show us! What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest.

What if the humming-bird should refuse to sing its note into the ear of the honey-suckle because it can not, like the eagle, dash its wings into the sun? Or should the dove be silent because it is not a hawk? Or should the spider refuse to use its shuttle because it can not weave a Solomon's robe? Awake, ye men of Israel! If you are lazy with the one talent, why will you not be diligent with the ten talents? If Milo can not lift the calf, he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order of promotion; but you can not be general until you have been captain, captain until you have been lieutenant, and lieutenant until you have been soldier. It is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is built. Therefore, be content to do small things, and God will not shame to do all your things.

He is not ashamed to be found chiseled in a grain of sand, or helping a honey bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tinging a cell in the sun's surf, or shaping the bill of a crane. What you do well, be it a great work or a small work, if ten talents employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "He who is faithful unto death and I will give him the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

God's grace teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw in the temple. But he said, "Let it be for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace or in some dark dungeon." Alas! the spider of the temple could not be discouraged. It is the same with the angels of light and height and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision and he said: "This spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is, how that angels climb into very elevated and repulsive grade into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, a palace. The king of Heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, his beams are of silver and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the Church of God is! and yet, something unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil-speaking, and rancor and slander, and backbiting and crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from which to arch, and from the top of the communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light, and love and pardon, and grace; yet a spider the palace!

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of every thing royal—kindness, love, peace, its prince reigning there; and he will be the prince reigning there; yet sometimes dissensions crawl up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the quarrelous tongue speaks the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say: "What is the matter with you?" I will tell you. There is a splinter in my eye in the palace.

A well-developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual prepossessions, who has used his mind as a man must—but his eye find amid all his splendor of faculties there is some prejudice, some selfishness, some evil habit, which he does not seem to notice, but that you who are so full of nobility, and so quick in your apprehending to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually getting him away from God, and he does not seem to see it, he does not care to see it. If you are anxious in regard to his life, do not let him know it. Let him go on his way, and now you discover it. A day will come when the splinter will be deadly in theointment. A splinter in the

[illegible]

braving, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world-renowned art. And God has decided that, though you may be weak of arm, and slow of tongue, yet you shall be able to see the great many mental and moral deeds by His almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such a long journey as it seems. You are not one of warble—not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and throne of ivory, and flagons of burnished gold. You are a simple mortal man, and the angels of Heaven are the eunuchs and bearers. The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worried by the fact that he was so small compared with the fact that we who are worms of the dust, may at last at the end issue into the palace of the King in glory. He is able to do all things, and all reach it. Oh, Heaven not a dust in place. It is not a worn out mansion with faded curtains and outlandish furniture. It is a new and beautiful, fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their

[illegible]

in the palace of which I speak we must all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been slaves, we may have been wandering and lost, as we all have been, but the Lord will make us all princes and kings. We shall take our regal power. We shall be companionship in Heaven! To walk side by side with John, and James, and Peter, and Paul, and Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and Melch, and Zachariah, and Wisdom, and Oliver Cromwell, and Philip Doddridge and Edward Payson, and John Milton, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More, and Charlotte Elizabeth and all the other kings and queens of Heaven. Oh, my soul, what a companionship!

A palace means splendor of banquet. There will be no common ware on the table. There will be no unsuitable musicians at that entertainment. There will be no supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each, but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? The banquet of life is a literal description of the life of literal imagination. A great many wise people tell me it is figurative; but prove it. I do not know, but that it may be so. There may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life. I do not know, but that Christ referred to the richness of the grape when he said, "I have much fruit to bring forth to the Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing." I do not say that it is so; but I have much fruit to think, and the other way may be true. I think that at any rate it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The banquet is being served. I am content, the palace is filling, and the chalice flashing with pearl and amethyst, and carbuncle are lifted to the lips of the myriad of guests. They are drinking the money white they drink to the honor of our glorious King. "Oh, you say," is the too grand a place for you and me. No it is not. If a spider, against a wall of Solomon's palace, shall not ope its web, and a worm shall not dig its poor souls, through the blood of Christ mount up from the depths of their shame and finally reach the gates of glory, where is the wonder? Where abundant grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." One day

of that coming glory obliterate its repulsive.

Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down into the bowels of the earth. We had to walk fourteen miles and see no sun or light. It is a stupendous place. So many places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The walls are covered with waterfalls, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible deep. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites hanging from the ceiling of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the mighty sculpturing. There are roses of amethyst in halls of gypsum. The gullies are like ladders, where the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide, were wandering in the shadows. They were demented, for years at, in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem upon the bottomless abyss.

The guide throws his candle and the light
down into the caverns, and the light
rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and
from depth to depth, making at every
plunge a new and different scene. The
place that he could have made such a
place as that. A sense of suffocation
comes upon you as you straight line from
are 350 feet in a straight line from the
entrance to the cavern. The guide, the
guide, after awhile, takes you
into what is called the "Star
chamber," and then he says to you
that the cavern is a very old cavern. The
tern and goes down under the rocks
and it gets darker and darker, until the
night is so thick that the hand an inch
from the eye is not visible. The guide
men, by kindling one of the lanterns
and placing it in a cleft of the
rock, there is a reflection cast on the
dome of the cave, and the effect is
like a coming and going of constella-
tions—a brilliant light heaven—and
you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful!"
full!" Then he takes the lantern down
and the light is so dim that you can
wander on, and wanders off, until he comes
up from behind the rocks gradually,
and it seems like the dawn of the morning
and the light is so dim that you can
The guide is a skillful ventriloquist,
and he imitates the voices of the morning,
ing, and soon the gloom is all gone, and
you are congratulating yourself over the
wonderful spectacle.

A Stranger in the Pew.
A Brooklyn preacher who has been considerably advertised of late told New York Advertiser man of an incident which many people may not have heard. He said that a man who had not been to church in a very long time finally hearkened to the persuasions of his wife and decided to go. He got the family all together, and they started early. Arriving at the church there were very few people in the house and no ushers on hand, so the man led his family well up the aisle and took possession of a nice new

Just as the services were about to begin a pompous-looking old man came in, walked to the door of that pew and stood there, exhibiting evident surprise that it was occupied. The occupant moved over and offered him room to sit down, but he declined to be seated. Finally the old man produced a card and wrote upon it with a pencil:

"I pay for the pew."

He gave the card to the stranger occupant, who, the preacher remarked, had been like many people, would have at once got up and left. But the stranger adjusted his glasses, and, with a smile, read the card. Then he calmly wrote beneath it:

"How much do you pay?"

The stranger smiled as though he were pleased, looked around to compare the pew with others, admired its nice cushion and furnishings, and wrote back:

"I don't blame you. It is well worth it."

The pompous gentleman at that stage collapsed into his seat. The preacher remarked that he would rather have a pew-holder of the style of the stranger than of the pew lessee.

Democracy of intelligence.

We need no further illustration of the democracy of intelligence in America," remarks the Christian Union, "than this little incident, the truthfulness of which we vouch for. During one of his visits to this country, Mr. Bryce, the highest and ablest member of parliament, was riding on a railroad train and happened to enter into conversation with one of the brakemen. 'Did you write the 'Holy Roman Empire' and 'The American Empire'?' asked the brakeman. 'Yes,' replied Mr. Bryce, who was astonished to find that his fame had found him out in such an unlikely quarter. The man looked at the great writer for a moment in surprise, then extending a very dirty hand, he made a tone of hearty approval. 'Shake!'

—A Scotch clergyman in a recent sermon on "The Hills Whence Come My Help," said among other things: "Whenever a church loses sight of the big things of religion and gives its life up to petty things, such as disputing over questions of doctrine and church government, or piddling about ritual and garments, it inevitably ends in atheism or indifferenetism."

—Those of our Christian Endeavor readers who were present at the great convention in New York in July will remember Jen Hawk, the Chinese convert from St. Louis, whose eloquence electrified fifteen thousand people. He seems he has been called to take charge of the Chinese Baptist Mission in Goshen, and has already gone to take up his work.

—Hebrew is rapidly becoming the living language of Palestine again. The Jews, who are gathering there from various lands, speak so many tongues that necessity calls for a common one. What could be more natural than the choice of the Hebrew?

—Alceus Hooper is the name of a Baltimore donor of 500,000 for a women's college at Johns Hopkins university a few days ago. At the time the news was announced his name was withheld from the public. May his tribe increase.

—All I write, all I think and all I hope is based upon the divinity of Christ, the one central hope of our perishing race.—W. E. Gladstone.

—One thousand American misses are

—One thousand American misses are studying art in Paris.

—A number of Brooklyn's wealthy men have raised a fund to build a church in New York where services will be held for deaf mutes.

—In a recent lecture before the Japan society Mr. Shadlei affirmed that in the schools of Japan the art of wrestling produces the highest effects of culture.

—Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell has given more money to the Catholic church than any other woman now living in America, and has received a special gold medal from the pope.—Harper's Bazar.

—Col. R. T. Auchmuty, the founder of the New York trade schools, has gathered statistics to show that out of \$23,000,000 paid annually for mechanics in the building trades of New York city, less than \$6,000,000 goes to men born in this country.

—It is estimated that China has one missionary to every 300,000 inhabitants, India one to every 285,000, and Japan one to every 70,000. Interior Africa has probably one for every 1,000,000, while Afghanistan, Persia, and the aborigines of Central and South America are practically untouched.

—Graduates of the Hartford Female seminary are planning to establish a woman's college at Hartford, Conn. The seminary will stand as sponsor to the new college founded by Miss Catherine E. Beecher, of the celebrated Beecher family, in 1822. Four hundred and fifty graduates attended the recent alumnae reunion from the United States, China, India and Canada.

—Three of Gen. S. Bolivar Buckner's staff of confederate officers afterwards became bishops of the Episcopal church. Lieut. Col. Galleher rose to be bishop of Louisiana. Capt. Elliott to be bishop of Texas, and Capt. Harrison to be bishop of a northern diocese. Another member of this celebrated staff, Adjutant and afterwards Brig-Gen. Shepley, is now a D. D. noted for his piety.

—The Brown university resolution for opening all its degrees to women has been supplemented by another, giving to women holding bachelors' degrees the opportunity to pursue all courses of instruction intended for graduate students. Thirteen women have either passed their examinations for the college year or begun preparations for next year's course, exhibiting commendable proficiency.

—Westey Methodist chapel, Washington, D. C., undertook Sunday afternoon services some time ago on the public square fronting the church. Out of this effort to reach the masses has grown an organization of young people and a contrivance known as "The Gospel Push-Card." The work has extended to the "highways and hedges," the alleys and the court. The cart is fitted with pulpit, organ, singing books, etc., and is pushed from place to place.

—The American Sunday-school union gives encouraging reports of its work for the past year. One thousand and sixty-four Sunday-schools, with 59,000 scholars have been organized in places otherwise destitute of religious advantages. Aid was given to over 10,000 other schools besides 6,000 Bibles and 9,000 Testaments were given or sold. The missionaries report over 6,000 conversions, and 216 churches have been developed.

**Cortez' Horrible Cruelty Commemorated
Each Year in Mexico.**

It is a weird and shocking incident of history that is commemorated each year in the City of Mexico upon the anniversary of the torture of the last of the Aztec emperors, Gautemotzin (or Cuauhtemoc), in the sixteenth century.

When Guatemala was captured after the defeat of the Aztecs by the victorious Spaniards the cruel Cortez commanded that he should be put to torture in order that he might reveal the treasure hidden in the country. He was tortured, and part of the torture was the burning of his feet at a slow fire. Though the agony of the victim was intense, he bore it with firmness, and even spoke stoically to the conquerors. He was then taken to a prison and suffered with him. He survived this torture, but many years afterward, when a false accusation was brought against him, Cortez gave orders for his execution, and, according to Prescott, he was burned at the stake on a pile of oxcow dung growing by the roadside.

The tale of Emperor Guatemozin is one of the tragic tales of the Spanish conquest of Mexico. He was the nephew of the great Montezuma.

His name is now honored in the country over which he ruled three hundred and seventy years ago; and the grand ceremony of Sunday last before his statue in the City of Mexico is one of the proofs of the fact. Speeches of eulogy were made in the Aztec language which Guatemala spoke, and in the Spanish language which Cortez, his executioner, spoke. From what is known of his character, life and deeds it may be said he was worthy of the honor.—N. Y. Sun.

American Tips Too Large.
Frenchman—Vat you gif zat wataire
American—I gave the waiter half a
dollar

Frenchman--Mon Dieu! Zat ees no
von teep; zat ees von bribe.--N. Y.
Weekly.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. - - - Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : Oct. 28, 1892.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President:
GROVER CLEVELAND,
Of New York.

For Vice President:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
Of Illinois.

For Judge Court of Appeals,
JAMES H. HAZELRIGG,
Of Montgomery County.

For Congress—10th District,
JUDGE M. C. LISLE,
Of Clark County.

For Circuit Judge,
D. B. REDWINE,
Of Breathitt County.

COUNTY TICKET:
For Circuit Clerk,
JONAS F. VANSANT,
For Sheriff,
GEORGE W. DRAKE.

For Circuit Judge.

We are authorized to announce Judge HENRY C. LILLY as a candidate for Circuit Judge in the Twenty-third Judicial district, composed of the counties of Estill, Lee, Wolfe, Breathitt and Magoffin.

For Appellate Judge.

We are authorized to announce Judge W. H. HOLT as a candidate for re-election as Judge of the Court of Appeals at the November election, 1892.

For Commonwealth's Attorney.

We are authorized to announce JAMES H. MARCUM, Esq., of Breathitt county, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the district composed of Breathitt, Estill, Lee, Magoffin and Wolfe counties.

For Circuit Clerk.

We are authorized to announce H. M. COX as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Morgan county. Election Nov. 8, 1892.

WHEN Judge Lilly assumed the robes of office Breathitt had 268 Commonwealth cases on the docket, but now has 492, a gain of 224, notwithstanding that special Judge Redwine wiped out 600 cases; Wolfe had 84 cases, and now there are 337, a gain of 253; Estill had 131, and now has 231, a gain of 100. Thus we find that in three counties 577 Commonwealth cases have accumulated, and we must bear in mind that Judge Redwine disposed of 600 other cases or there would now be standing against Judge Lilly's administration of justice, a score of 1,177 cases. These are frightful figures to contemplate, but facts and figures prove them. The docket here made up demonstrates that he is too slow for the accumulating cases. But what of cases he has tried? Let us look a little further into his official record and see. Within a year he has had three felony cases from Breathitt reversed, and a like number from this county. From the other counties of the district we have no data at hand, but it is reasonable to suppose that in some of those counties he had at least one or two more cases reversed, and it is safe to say that in them also the cases have steadily accumulated against him. In view of this astounding state of affairs we can not see how any man—be his politics Democratic or Republican—can support Mr. Lilly for a second term. On the other hand, Mr. Redwine has demonstrated both ability and energy in disposing of cases on the docket, and we fail to see how any man can refuse to vote for him. Clearly he is in every respect the man for the place, and our faith in the intelligence of the voters of this district prompts us to predict that Mr. Redwine will be the next Judge of this district. Let Democrats and all other good citizens see that he shall be. (Rah for Redwine!)

THE Courier-Journal of Monday contained the official ballot (for educational purposes only) and full instructions to voters. While it will be impossible for us to publish the ballot, we can and will reproduce the "instructions" to voters, which we commend to the careful consideration of all our readers, without regard to politics. However, the safest way is to vote the Democratic ticket straight, and this can be done by simply pressing the stencil in the blank space beneath the roster. The ballot loses the rest. See instructions in next week's issue, first page.

GAZE ON THIS PICTURE.

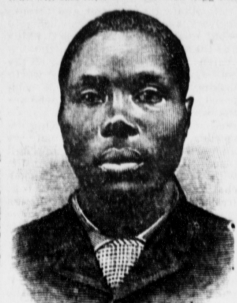


CECIL.

The man for whom Hazelrigg voted for Register of the Land Office.

AND THEN ON THIS:

There's a name that's never spoken,
There's a judge's heart that's broken, [at all]
And he wishes he hadn't voted for ASHURY
There is still a name never living
And a people unforgiving. [fall]
Who will cast their votes for Has Briggs this



ASHURY.—The man for whom Holt voted for Register of the Land Office.

COUNTY CLERK'S CERTIFICATE.

STATE OF KENTUCKY,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY, 1st.
I, G. A. WHITNEY, Clerk of the Montgomery County Court, certify that W. H. HOLT, now a Judge of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, on August 6, 1892, in Mt. Sterling, Ky., VOTED FOR J. W. ASHURY, A NEGRO, for Register of the Land Office, AGAINST J. G. CECIL, A WHITE MAN, which vote is recorded in the poll books on file in my office.
Witness my hand this August 27, 1892.
By W. B. O'CONNELL, D. C.

LEE COUNTY.

St. Helens Sayings.

A special train bearing the chief officers of the road passed up on the 19th inst. They were joined at this point by Judge D. B. Maloney, ex-Judge G. W. Jourley, and S. P. Stamper, county attorney. Their object was to locate and rebuild a road that was damaged by the railroad near Talega.

The school at this place under the supervision of Miss Jessie Stamper has been suspended during the past week to have the house repaired. The persons have been busily engaged at work and ere long we will have a house that will be an ornament to our community?

Charlena, infant daughter of Dr. A. M. Arnold, who we recorded last week as improving, is again very low with flux, and not expected to live.

Mrs. Lenora Simms, of Oakdale, has been visiting relatives and friends here during the past week.

Howard Cox made our community radiant with his smiles last Sunday.

Track laying on the W. & B. railroad will commence next Tuesday.

D. B. Hobbs has returned from Louisville.

Dr. F. M. Thomas, of Ezel, is in our midst.

Oct. 23. LORENA.

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Missiles.

You must think that we have gone back on Cleveland and Stevenson and THE HERALD, because we have been silent so long; but we haven't. No, sir, never! The fact is we couldn't write for rejoicing at so many prominent Republicans like Walter Q. Gresham, Judge Coolidge, Wayne McVeigh, Gen. J. D. Cox, ex-Governor of Ohio, and many others coming over to the refreshing shade of the Democratic party. What is the country coming to? Why, to Grover Cleveland and Adlai E. Stevenson just as fast as its legs can carry it.

We may all do good while the days are going by. Henry Cox is gaining about twenty-seven a day.

E. B. May returned Friday night from Louisville, where he had been in attendance at the Grand Lodge.

Misses Ora B. Cecil and Lula Hart, of Ezel, paid our town a short visit yesterday.

Mrs. R. A. Sample and daughter Rosie B. are on the sick list.

Oct. 24. WINGLOWS.

They Are Still Deserting.

They are still deserting the sinking ship. Mr. Henry W. Bartol, of Philadelphia, President of the Board, and an influential member of the Union League, who has made a fortune as a manufacturer, will not contribute to the campaign fund as usual this year. He has so notified the Finance Committee of the Union League Campaign Committee, declaring that the tariff and other policies of President Harrison "have not commended him to those who have the best interests of the country at heart," and have determined him "to support and vote for Grover Cleveland.—Courier-Journal.

George W. Berger, of St. Louis, was found murdered in the willows on the river bank.

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IS THE BEST
PAINT
MADE.
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

READY FOR USE.

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FLOYD DAY.

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HAZEL GREEN, KY., May 10, 1892.

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